did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my courſe vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindneſſe, perform'd to your ſole daughter.

*Cle.* Heauens forgiue it.

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay? wee wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne: her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expres a generall praiſe to her, and care in vs, at whoſe expence tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſweare to'th gods, that vvinter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduiſe. *Exit.*

*Enter Gower.*

Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeas in Cockels, haue and wiſh but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vſe one Language, in each ſeuerall clime,
VVhere our ſcenes ſeeme to liue. I do beſeech you
To learne of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you.
The ſtages of our ſtory *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high eſtate.

VVell



Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous windes haue brought
This King to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moats and ſhadowes, ſee them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

*Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon ſhewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on ſacke-cloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs.*

*Gower.* See how beleefe may ſuffer by fowle ſhowe,
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in ſorrow all deuour'd,
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares ore-ſhowrd.
Leaues *Tharſus*, and againe imbarks, he ſweares
Neuer to waſh his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on ſackcloth and to ſea he beares,
A tempeſt which his mortall veſſell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

*The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies heere,*
*Who withered in her ſpring of yeare:*
*She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,*
*On whom foule death hath made this ſlaughter:*
*Marina was ſhe cald, and at her birth,*
*That is being proud, ſwallowed ſome part of th'earth:*
*Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,*
*Hath Thetis birth-childe on the heauens beſtowed.*
*Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſhee'l neuer ſtint,*
*Make raging Battrie vpon ſhores of flint.*

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courſes to be ordered



By